

Spauld School's - Commencement
J. J. Smith

Business Directory
Dr. JAMES LANGSTAFF, Richmond Hill
JOHN GRIEVE, CLERK THIRD DIVISION COURT
JOSEPH KELLER, Bailiff Second and Third Division Court
G. A. BARNARD, Importer of British and American Dry Goods
P. CROSBY, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES
THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage, Waggon & Sleigh Maker
MELSER & BOWMAN, Licensed Auctioneers
JAMES McCLURE, Licensed Auctioneer
JOHN HARRINGTON, Jr., Importer of Dry Goods
CALEB LUDFORD, Saddle and Harness Maker
A. GALLANOUGH, Dealer in Groceries
WELLINGTON HOTEL
MANSION HOUSE
MESSRS. J. & W. BOYD, Barristers
CLYDE HOTEL, King Street East, Toronto
Bottled Ale Depot, 65 YORK STREET
ROBERT J. GRIFFITH, LAG, Banner and Ornamental Painter
J. VERNEY, Boot and Shoe Maker
CHAS. POLLOCK, Importer of British, French, German and American Goods
WILLIAM HARRISON, Saddle and Harness Maker
JOHN COULTER, Tailor and Clothier
GEORGE DODD, Veterinary Surgeon
HENRY SANDERSON, Veterinary Surgeon
AUCTIONEER
J. N. REID, Physician & Surgeon
ROACH'S HOTEL

British



Tribune,

AND YORK RIDINGS' GAZETTE.

WITH OR WITHOUT OFFENCE TO FRIENDS OR FOES, I SKETCH YOUR WORLD EXACTLY AS IT GOES.—Byron.

Vol. 1.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1858.

No. 48.

Selections.

THE MAN I LOVE

I love an open countenance,
A kind and noble face—
The index of an honest heart,
That loves the human race!
A brow on which a smile is thrond,
Like sunlight on a flower;
As open as the regal skies,
With beams of love and power!

I love the kind and welcome glance
That proves we're not alone;
And when I see sweet faces, at times,
Some feelings like our own!
A heart that beats with purest hopes,
To pity and to bless;
That strives to make earth's comforts more—
Its pains and follies less!

I love the man whose generous smile
Is given with his hand;
Who sees his equal in all men,
And all men equal stand!
Who sees not the distinctions made
By human laws, between
The man who has and who has not!
But loves from what he's seen!

I love the man whose heart is true,
Who seldom wears a frown,
And loves all men, from him who toils
To him who wears a crown;
With mildness ever on his lips,
A free and open mind;
A mind with mental grandeur spanned
A soul supremely kind!

A STORY OF THE MAINE WOODS.

[One of the oldest inhabitants of Northern Maine thus relates a race he once had with a catamount:]
"Young man," said he, "when I first visited this town, there was only three families living in it. You who now live at ease can never know the hardships and perilous scenes through which the early settlers passed. Come with me," he continued, "and I will show you the spot on which the first hut ever erected in this town was located."
I followed silently, until the old man reached the bottom of the west side of Paris Hill.
"There," said he, "on this spot was erected the hut. I shall never forget the first time I visited it, and the story I was told.
"What was it?" I asked.
"I will tell you when the first settler moved here, his nearest neighbor lived twenty miles distant, in the present town of Rumford, and the only road between the two neighbors was a path that he had cut through the woods himself, so that in case of want or sickness he might get assistance. One spring, I think it was the third season after he had settled here, he was obliged to go to Rumford for provisions. He arose early one morning, and started for his nearest neighbor. People of the present day would think it hard to make a journey of twenty miles for a bag of potatoes, and on foot too, but such was the errand of the first settler. He arrived before noon, and was successful in getting his potatoes, got some refreshment, and started for home. But it was not easy to travel with a load of potatoes; and, finally, at sundown, he threw off his load, and resolved to make a shelter and spend the night. I have been taken with him to the exact locality of it; it was situated just on the other side of the stream, on which are mills, in the village of Pinhook, in Woodstock.
"He built a shelter, struck a fire, and took out of his sack a piece of meat to roast. Ah! young man, continued the narrator, "you little know with what relish a man eats his food in the woods; but, as I was saying, he commenced roasting his meat, when he was startled by a very shrill that he knew at once that it could come from nothing else but a catamount. 'I will now relate to you as near as I can in the language of the old settler himself.
"I listened every moment," said he, "and it seemed nearer than before. My first thought was for my own safety. But what was I to do? It was at least ten miles from home, and there was not a single human being nearer than that to me. I next thought of self-defence, but I had nothing to defend myself with. In a

moment I concluded to start for home, for I knew the nature of the catamount too well to think I should stand the least chance of escape if I remained in the camp. I knew, too, that he would ransack my camp, and I hoped the meat which I left behind might satisfy his appetite, so that he might not follow me after eating it.

"I had not proceeded more than half a mile, before I knew, by the shrieks of the animal, that he was within sight of the camp. I doubled my speed, content that the beast should have my supper; although I declared I would not have run if I had my trusty rifle with me. But there could be no cowardice in my running from an infuriated catamount doubly furious, however, by being hungry, and with nothing that could be called a weapon save a pocket-knife.
"I had proceeded, probably, about two-thirds of the distance home, and hearing nothing more of the fearful enemy, began to slacken my pace, and thought I had nothing to fear. I had left behind two pounds of meat, beef and pork, which I hoped had satisfied the monster. Just as I had come to the conclusion that I would run no more, and was looking back, astonished almost at the distance I had travelled in so short a space of time, I was electrified with horror to hear the animal shriek again!
"I knew then that my fears were realized. The beast had undoubtedly entered the camp, and ate, and followed after me. It was about three miles to my log cabin, and it had already become dark. I doubted my speed, but thought I must die. And such a death! The recollection of that feeling comes to my mind as vividly as though I knew the animal was now pursuing me. But I am no coward, though to be torn to pieces and almost eaten alive by a wild beast, was horrible.
"I calmly unbuttoned my frock, with the determination to throw it off before the beast should approach me, hoping thereby to gain advantages of him by the time he would lose in tearing it to pieces.
"Another shriek, and I tossed the garment behind me in the path. Not more than five minutes elapsed before I heard a shrill cry as he came to it. How that shriek electrified me. I bounded like a deer. But in a moment the animal made another cry, which told me plainly that my garment had only exasperated him to a fiercer chase.
"O God!" said I, "and must I die this? I cannot, I must live for my wife and children!" and I ran even faster than I had done before, and unbuttoning my waistcoat, I dropped it in the path as I proceeded. The thoughts of my wife and children urged me to the most desperate speed, for I thought more of their unprotected state than the death I was threatened with, for should I die, what would become of them?
"In a moment the whole events of my life crowded through my brain. The catamount shrieked louder, and fast as I was running, he rapidly approached me. Nearer and nearer he came, until I fancied I could hear his bounds. At last I came to the brook which you see yonder, which was double its present size, being swollen by recent freshets, and I longed to cool my fevered brain in it; but I knew that would be as certain death as to die by the claws of the beast. With three bounds I gained the opposite bank, and then I could clearly see a light in my log cabin, which was not more than a hundred yards distant.
"I had proceeded but a short distance when I heard the plunge of the catamount behind me. I leaped with more than human energy, for it was life or death. In a moment the catamount gave another wild shriek, as though he was afraid he should lose his prey. At that instant I yelled at the top of my lungs to my wife, and in a moment I saw her approach the door with a light.

SCENE IN A DISSECTING ROOM.

'Twas on a cold, raw evening, in the month of February, that a party of medical students were gathered around a blazing fire in the "grand room" of old—College, chatting on different topics. Ever and anon, as a gust of wind fiercer than its fellows, whistled through the venerable elms, they listened till the sound died away in the distance.
"I wish that Huberts would hurry himself," said one of the students, Martin by name, as he leisurely laid his feet on the fender, "for if he does not, I am afraid the little courage I possess will soon ooze away. But hark! there's the signal.
"So saying, as a shrill whistle fell on his ear, he sprang to his feet, and seizing a blazing stick, waved it thrice at the window.
"Whew!" said he, as he returned shivering to his seat, "a wild night—but the right sort of a one for the business we have on hand. For my part—"
Here he was interrupted by the door being thrown open, and a tall and handsome youth entering.
"Ha! Huberts—back, eh?" exclaimed Martin, as he seized the newcomer by the hand; "what success! All right, eh?" he continued, as he handed him a glass of wine.
The newcomer, Edwin Huberts, sat silent for a few minutes, then, turning to his fellow-students, he said:
"Greene suffered the penalty of his crime to-day. I staid by and saw the sickening spectacle of depriving a human being of life. I saw them lay the culprit in his narrow resting-place, and where all had left it. I carefully marked the place. He lies in the third grave to the left of the 'blighted oak.' Come if we're to go; let us go now. I will carry the contents of the sack coming back. Silently now."

WAR UPON CARPETS.—The editor of the Musical World (R. S. Willis), is writing some exceedingly interesting reminiscences of his life in Germany. In the course of the sketch of Rink, the composer, and his home, occurs this passage: "There is no carpet on the floor; the German home has generally no carpet, as we understand the term. Perhaps a square rug is placed under the centre table, and this is called a carpet. But the floor is so white, so spotless, that it were a pity to cover over its immaculateness with anything. Indeed, after a short residence in countries where a certain intimacy is maintained between the floor and scrubbing brush, even to one accustomed to this luxury, the carpet seems an untidy thing! Like the habitual black silk neckerchief, against which some Englishmen entertain such a prejudice, from the fact that it does not weekly to the laundress, so a carpet that cannot be washed, dawns upon one gradually as a not particularly neat institution! It is all a matter of association; a habit of wearing washable neckerchiefs induces a dislike to a grimy, black silk one; the habit of walking on a scrubtable and tidy floor induces a dislike to carpets.

USE PLENTY OF GRAVY.

Dr. Dixon, in a late number of the *Scalpel*, in an article on "Diet," assumes the position that "the use of oil would decrease the victims of consumption nine-tenths, and that this is the whole secret of the use of cod-liver oil," quotes the following summary of observations on this subject, made by Dr. Hooker:
1. Of all the persons between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two years more than one-fifth eat no fat meat.
2. Of persons at the age of forty-five, all, excepting less than one in fifty, habitually use fat meat.
3. Of all persons who, between the ages of 15 and 22, avoid fat meat, a few acquire an appetite for it, and live to a good old age, while the greater portion die with phthisis before 35.
4. Of persons dying with phthisis, between the ages of 12 and 45, nine-tenths, at least, have never used fat meat.
Most individuals who avoid fat meat, also use little butter or oily gravies; though many compensate for this want, in part at least, by a free use of those articles, and also milk, eggs, and various saccharine substances. But they constitute an imperfect substitute for fat meat, without which sooner or later the body is almost sure to show the effects of deficient calorificity.

PEARLY TRIFLES.

Red cheeks are only oxygen in another shape. Girls, anxious to wear a pair, will find them where the roses do—out of doors.
Johnson said that men are to be estimated by their mass of character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin; and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin, but still it is silver.
The poet thinks what most men feel; the latter live the feeling while the former only looks at it. When a man is happy, he does not stop, now and then, to think so; he has no time for that. But the poet keeps a record of the elements that make him happy, and when he reads it, he is astonished to find he was happier than he thought he was, or not so happy as he thought to be.
How sick every one gets of the wasp-waisted utterance of people, who talk duty or justice when they mean duty, who, when the subject is music, discourse about *me-wa-sic*, as if they had just been to St. Ives, and met the man in the old riddle, who has so many kits, cats and wives; with whom everything is beautiful, from puddings to Paradise, and education is an *edge-tool* from Sheffield, as thus: *edg-ucation!*
The lines in which Byron likens the aspect of Greece to a beautiful corpse, are familiar to our readers. The poet, in a note on the passage, remarks that this peculiar beauty remains but a few hours after death. Leslie, the painter, declares that whenever solicited to paint portraits of the dead, he entered the room reluctantly, but so did the beauty of the pale face grow upon him that he always turned away with regret.
It always seemed to us very silly, taking a profane view of the matter, for Adam to do anything that should occasion his being turned out of place, as Gardener in Paradise, and sent away where gardens had not come into fashion, and his occupation would be gone. That he should have listened for a single moment to Eve, seems incredible, to those who have fought Canada thistles and fretful thorns, and coaxed the unwilling earth, here and there, into something like the smile and the beauty of Eden, for all the centuries that have followed.
A circle, known as a finger-ring, has been an object of ornament and of use for thousands of years. In deed, the time when it was first fashioned and worn is so far in the past that it alone shines there; all round is ashes or darkness. This little, perfect figure may seem to be a trifling matter on which to found an essay, and yet we shall find it connected with history and poetry. It is, indeed, a small link, although it has bound many, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, more securely than could the shackle wrought for a felon. An inscription from it may have saved or lost a kingdom. It is made a symbol of power, and has been a mark of slavery. Love has placed it where a vein was supposed to vibrate in the heart. Affection and friend have wrought it into a remembrance, and it has passed into the grave upon the finger of the beloved one.
SHAWLS.—The Brooklyn *Edge* thinks shawls should be worn by the masculine genders for the following rhyming reasons:—"If you want to be in fashion, wear a shawl; if to sleep and cows a terror, or like shanghais in full feather, or even engage upon the heather, wear a shawl; if your hips are badly moulded, or your shirt and vest unfolded, or unpleasant to behold, wear a shawl; if you're courting some fine lincet wear a shawl—you might wrap your lissie in it, in your shawl. It's like charity on pins, and hides a multitude of sins—although it causes grins—to's your shawl. If you wish to be a dandy wear a shawl. In a word it is a most useful article—and may wrap your feet, head, body, knees, make a seat, a blanket, a bed, a muff, a pillow, a wrap-rascal, or a Scotch plaid of your shawl."

AN UGLY CUSTOMER.—A Scotch farmer celebrated in the neighborhood for his immense strength and skill in the athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of fighting people who came to try if they could settle him or not. Lord D., a great pugilistic amateur, had come from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working in an inclosure at a little distance from his house, when the noble arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree and addressed the farmer:—"Friend, I have heard a great deal of talk about you, and I have come a long way to see which of us two is the best wrestler." The Scot, without answering, seized the nobleman by the middle of the body, pitched him over the hedge, and set about working. When his lordship had got himself fairly picked up, "Well," said the farmer, "have you anything more to say to me?" "No," replied his lordship, but perhaps you'd be as good as to throw me your's."

The people of the United States spend in a year for newspapers, \$15,000,000, or would if their debts were paid. The newspapers that they read, if all put together, in a continued string, would reach more than twenty times round the world, and would weigh 70,000,000 pounds! The origin of newspapers is traced to Italy. The first in England appeared during the reign of "good Queen Bess," at the time of the Spanish Armada. It was named "Ye English Mercurie," imprinted in London by Her Highness's printer, in 1288. Franklin's "Boston News Letter" was the first in America. It commenced in 1704. A hundred years ago, there were not over twenty-five published in America. Boston issues 113 papers, with an annual circulation of 54,000,000; New York 104, circulation 78,000,000; and Philadelphia 51 papers, circulation 40,000,000.

AIR AND EXERCISE.—A young man should walk in the open air six miles every day. A young woman three or four. When still, we use five hundred cubic inches of air in a minute; if we walk at the rate of one mile an hour, eight hundred; two miles an hour, one thousand; three miles an hour, one thousand six hundred; four miles an hour, two thousand three hundred; if we run at six miles an hour, three thousand; trotting a horse, one thousand seven hundred and fifty; cantering, one thousand five hundred.

PRIME MINISTERS OF ENGLAND.—The following is a list of the prime ministers who have ruled the British empire during the present century: William Pitt, 1801-2; Addington, 1802-4; William Pitt, 1804-6; Lord Grenville, 1806; Duke of Portland, 1807-9; S. Perceval, 1809-12; Earl of Liverpool, 1812-27; George Canning and Lord Goderich, 1827; Duke of Wellington, 1828-30; Earl Grey, 1830-4; Viscount Melbourne, 1834; Sir Robert Peel, 1841-46; Lord John Russell, 1846-52; Earl Derby, 1852-53; Earl of Aberdeen, 1853-55; Viscount Palmerston, 1855-58; Earl of Derby, 1858.

The census of the United States show that they have 2,500,000 of farmers, 100,000 merchants, 64,000 masons, and nearly 200,000 carpenters. They have 14,000 bakers to bake their bread; 24,000 lawyers to set them by the ears; 40,000 doctors to 'kill or cure,' and 1,500 editors to keep that molly mass in order by the power of public opinion controlled and manufactured through the press.

The Gaelic has only one gender, namely, the female—a circumstance to which is attributed the habit of Highlanders wearing petticoats.—But this is not exactly the case. A Highlander applies the terms 'she' and 'her' to everybody and everything except his wife, and that personage figures as 'he' and 'him.'

Wealth is but a confused lump, till bounteous shape and put it into form; but a dead, useless piece of earth, till charity animate and quicken, and by sending it abroad, make it current, and by distributing it to several hands, give it heat and motion.

A chemical analysis of various liquors sold at a low rum shop on one of the wharves of San Francisco, showed that there was prussic acid and morphine in the brandy, sulphuric acid in gin, and strychnine and kerosene in the whiskey.

The King of Sardinia filled up, himself, one of the census papers sent to each head of a family. In the column appropriated to the profession, his majesty wrote the words "Constitutional King."